An Old Grand Banks Fisherman's Very Tough Yarn.

"Yo see, I shipped for a cruise on the codder Laughin Dolly, for no pay and a share of the proceeds. We sailed from Gloucester and had tolable luck; then gettin' sout o' bait, we put intew Hare Bay—that's on the coast of Newfound land—and I rec' in we jest got in in time, for it let on tew blow from the for a like of three days. At the end of that time, we got the water but intention dory, and me and my mate, Long Tom Sigstree, pulled in for a little cover to lulard, where it was smooth water and to lu'ard, where it was smooth water and good landin'. In we went a hoopin when jest as we was goin' through the gut o' the cove, it kind o' shoaled like, and we come to with a rush, and we was broadside onter the worst lookin' creetur yer ever see or heard on.

"First I thought it was a spider; its arms was a-flyin' in the air over us, and some a-hangin' on tew the boat, and the creetur scemed actual a-tryin' to come Ye see, it had grounded on the shoal and we'd plumped right intewit, and I'm a master hand at sight seein', but I was took all aback, and the first I knew one of its arms was around the oar. Whish! came another, takin' Long Tom around the boot, and yankin' him clean off his feet. He whipped sout his knife, and cut it off, and it fell in the boat, a-twistin' jest like a snake. Another come a-flyin' along, and took me in the neck, cuttin' jest like a knife, and all this time we wur a-whackin' and jammin' at the creetur to keep him aout o' the boat. But its legs was kivered wity suckers, and it kind o' came on. Right between the legs we see a pair o' bil's workin' up and daown just like these are, while the creetur was a-pumpin' ink and water from a sort o'spout jest like a steam engine, so't we was black from head to foot and the water all araound. I got my oar up like a harpoon, and was jest goin' to jam it in the head, when a wave took the dory, gave her a lift, and over she went, chuckin' me right on tew the creetur, and I'll swan tew life I was never so near meetin' Davy Jones afore nor sence. I tried to jump clear, but the boat knocked me daown, and the first I knew I felt a grip on my boot, and I see the animal had me by the leg; bit clean through the leather, leg and ail, and for a minute I was all wound up, and I reckon if it warn't for Tom I'd been cleaned aout sure. The water wasn't over two feet, and he jumped clear o' the creetur, and then shovin' the boat clear he jammed the squid in the head with an oar four or five times, and hauled me aout, and yaou can bet yer port money I was a physical wrack as far as looks goes—all scratched up.
"Wall, we righted the boat, and then

I was bound tow see the creetur; so we dragged it in shore and spread her sont, and how long d'ye reckon it was? Forty-eight feet tew an inch, and the worst lookin' thing I ever chapped my eyes on. The body was jest like a big bag, abaout twelve foot long, and soft like a jelly. The tail looked like the fluke of an anchor, but the head was what took me. The eyes on it were black and as big as saucers, and from around 'em branched off ten legs kivered on one side with suckers, with edges of 'em jist like razors and saws. and every time one struck ye a kind o air-pump piston arrangement sucked the air aout and pressed the sucker right intew ye. Two of the arms was the longest -- I reckoned abaout thirty footand it was them the creetur was hangin by when we ran a-foul o' him-kind o swingin' by 'em like hawsers, Wall, tew make a long story short, I was laid up for a couple o' weeks with the bite or. my leg, and I reckon I can show some of the scratchin' yet. We cut the animal up for bait, and it filled about ten good cod tubs, and must have weig'aed 1,800 pounds.

A Chicago Lawyer's Love Story.

Prof. Swing, in an address at the Acton (Ind.) Assemblage, approved of ju dicious novel-reading, and told this story: "I heard of a Chicago lawyer once whose wife read two novels to him when he was sick, and he said to her 'I have been entirely too much wrapped up in law, and have forgotten almost everything else. When I get well I shall lay aside my statutes and write a And so he did. The first chapter told about a nice young man and pretty young woman. The second told how they met and fell in love. The third, a very pretty chapter, told how they took a walk together in the evening, and how they got outside the town because the sun went down, and they couldn't see the corporation line. It was a very romantic story, but he spoiled it in the next chapter, for after the lovers were appropriately seated un-der the shade of a spreading oak, the young man said: 'Adelaide, I can no longer conceal my feelings. I love you madly, distractedly, wildly. I cannot live without you. Your image is in my heart by night and by day, and without you my life is incomplete.' Now, that was all very pretty, but—would you be lieve it? - the lawyer commenced the maiden's answer to that burning declar ation with: 'The other party responded substantially as follows,' and that took away all the romance."

The Girl Whom Nobody Likes.

Have you ever met the sarcastic young woman? No! Well I have, and I'm sorry for it. She is a pest. The giddy girl, the gushing girl and the lackadaisical miss are not ornaments whose loss would cause the world grief, but they can be tolerated. The sarcastic maiden should be suppressed by law. Suffered! Yes, I have, and will not again. The school is growing. Nobody likes the sarcastic girl; everybody fears, and many hate her. Her stock in trade may have been originally satire, but has long ago degenerated into impudence, and with the degeneration has slipped her ability to see the difference between what was and what is, between satire and impudence. She has been fostered in the family circle, and generally stays there. She began with mild criticisms on her friends, and ended by lampooning them. Now she has none, and caricatures her acquaintances. Her parents applanded her early efforts, and she re-taliates by staying on their hands. The family think her brilliant, young men avoid her, and what the world knows as a scar old maid is thus created.

A CRUEL RELATIVE. -The police of Toulouse, France, made a descent upon the house of a groce, named Rouzoul, and rescued from a cellar a man and his son in the last stage of starvation. They were the brother-in-law and nephew of Rouzoul, who had kept them in durance while he squandered their fortune of \$20,000. They were found to be entirely bereft of

AND NOW DOES the lovely small boy grow almost groen with rags when he sees thous rus of white high hats being worn and no snow balls to hit them

STEALING CHICKENS.

TOO MANY FEATHERS SCATTERED ABOUT THE CONGRESSMAN'S TENT. Way They Have of Playing a Joke in the Great West.

[From the Milwaukee Sun.] Some veteran soldiers of the late war ore about as full of meanness as they can hold. The Sun has been informed of a

vicked trick they played on one of the nicest men that ever lived, and its inlignation knows no bounds. At the recent encampment of veterans at Tomah, Gil. Woodward, of the old Second Wisconsin regiment, was present, and had a tent all to himself. He was elected Congressman from the La Crosse district ast fall, but the confounded soldiers forgot all about that, and only looked upon him as "Gil. Woodward," After he had retired a crowd of these wicked soldiers procured a lot of feathers and heads of pring chickens, and scattered them all round Woodward's tent, and at daylight the guard woke Woodward up and told him that there was a farmer wanted to see him. Woodward thought maybe the farmer was some member of his old regiment, and he got up, and while he stood washing himself in a tin Basin, his suspenders hanging down his hips, a farmer tuck his head in the tent and asked Woodward if he wanted to pay for those iens he stole, or have a law suit. Woodward didn't know what hens the farmer meant, but being a lawyer, a law suit was right into his hand, so he said he zuessed he had rather have a law suit, if t was all the same to the farmer.

"All right, you can have it" said the armer, as he looked mad. "By gum, my man who steals my chickens will get follered the balance of his natural life," and he looked at Woodward as though be thought he would steal anything that was lying around.
"What is this about juvenile poultry,"

sked Woodward, and he wiped his face n a gunny sack, and came out in front f his tent in his bare feet, the water dripping from his hair, and his whole ap-pearance that of a man who has been wakened from much needed sleep, and who is thoroughly mad. "I am no chicken thief, I am the successor in Congress of the great and good Judge Humbrey, a man, sir—a man.

"Never mind Congress, look o' them,' said the farmer, pointing to the feathers and heads and feet on the ground, and a few feathers on Woodward's pants that the boys had sneaked in the tent and put

Woodward is nearsighted, and he could not see anything on the ground, so he put on his glasses and stooped over and sure enough there were teathers plenty. By that time the boys had sur-rounded the farmer and told him Wood-ward was one of the hardest nuts in the State, and that he was a terror where-ever he was known, and that the best thing the farmer could do was to go home and remove the rest of his chickus into an adjoining county until after he encampment was over. They told im to watch out when he was talking to Woodward or he would pull a revolver and blow him through. Woodward saw through the joke at once. He realized hat the boys had been reveling in chickens, and were quietly giving him the credit for it, so he called the farmer to him and asked how much he would take o settle. He said he was a young man of irreproachable character so far, and tais chicken business was the first in-stance in which he had fallen from grace. He begged the farmer to be merciful. nd make the charges light, and for neaven's sake lock the secret up in his osom and never let the story get to La crosse, or he would be ruined. He said had just been elected to Congress on the reform, issue, and it would be hard to go in for reform in Congress with the feathers of those stolen chickens hanging to his garments. He spoke feelingly would have or his whole future life, and so worked on the farmer's feelings that the granger said ne would settle for a couple of dollars, and take away the feathers. After the farmer had got his money, and had cleared up the feathers, and Woodward had gone into his tent to put on his boots, and the reveille had been sounded and the boys had got up all around, General Bragg and Colonel Watrous, and Governo: Rusk came along and opened the flap of Woodward's tent and pecked in, and Bragg said:

"Gil., there are evidences of great slaughter about your tent."

Woodward was tugging away at one of a's boots, which did not seem to go on is easy as usual, and he said, "You fel lows think you are smart, don't you?" and then he turned his boot bottom side up and emptied a couple of yellow chickens' feet out, and finally got the boot on, and asked the boys in to drink out of a tin canteen. The farmer will go down to his grave thinking that the hard citizen who stele his chickens has got r great big heart in him, and he will always remember the pleading look and trembling voice of the man who paid him two dollars.

Life at West Point.

A part of the drill of the graduating Cadets at West Point is thus described: —The cadets having performed several evolutions to the satisfaction of Captain Godfrey and the admiration of those in the galleries, two hurdles were placed on the tan-bark and midway between them a wooden frame-work, from which was depended an iron ring. At several points there were posts, representing men. At the word of command the cadets came charging down on the hurdles, one at a time, their horses going at a full gallop. As each cadet reached the first post he fired his revolver at it, and, as his horse leaped the hurdle, he drew his sabre and caught the suspended ring deftly on the point of his sword. Then he leaped his horse over the next hurdle, slashing off the leather head of the wooden man as he did so, and swept on o the smaller post in a like manner. After some time the saddles were removed and a little bare back riding was indulged in. The cadets set their horses in motion and went gyrating in the ring around the hall. Just before reaching a hurdle the cadet would dismount and, linging to his horse's mane, would leap the hurdle with him, springing to his back again immediately the obstruction was Then the hurdles were removed and the cadets, still riding around the hall at full speed, began to jump on and off of their horses without checking in the least the furious pace at which they were going. Then the order to "ride at was given and the cadets went around the hall standing up, lying down, kneeling or hanging by one fort on the backs of their horses.

"What station did you say this was?" inquired a passenger of a gruff brake-man, "Pig-sty," growled the polite employee, who was mad because his first was not distinct enough to be unlerstood. "Ab," smiled the traveler, tlen you must be perfectly at home nore." The brakeman slammed the door here.' The brakeman slammed the door from the outside and then bit off a piece of the iron railing.

A DETECTIVE'S SERMON. Conthful Criminals and What Makes Them Buch Pool For Drinks" and Home

The cell-door in the police station was closed upon a thief who had given his age as seventeen years, and who looked even younger. His clothing and person were clean and his features were of a type indicating intelligence. The brutal xpression often noted in the features of aw-breakers was lacking entirely in his. A Tribune reporter, who saw him locked up, noticed tears in the youth's due eyes. The detective who had made he arrest had served many years in the colice Department and was familiar with he history of many thieves. "The boy ought not to be a thief," he said. "His ather is dead, and he has a respectable nard-working mother, to whom he might e a comfort instead of a curse. He has peen on the Island twice already and now he will go up for burglary." "What kind of boys become burg-ars?" the reporter asked.

"All kinds. "Do good boys ever get to be thieves?" "Yes, when they fall in bad company." "What influence do you consider the post powerful in leading boys on to rime?

"Rum!" "Has not natural depravity much to

lo with their fall?" "I do not believe that human de oravity is natural," the detective said. 'It is unnatural. The lives of the worst riminals in the city prove as much. Did it ever occur to you that there is much less of what you call natural degravity in country places than in the city? people get to be bad because their sur-oundings are bad, because they cannot esist temptation, because their better instincts are taken away by evil influences. This boy here lives in a tenement-house. His mother is poor, and there is not much pleasure for him in the house. So e runs about in the street. If he lived in the country, as I did when I was a boy, he couldn't find much mischief away from home. Here he associates with all kinds of boys, and there is not much wickedness which a New York gamin' does not know about. Every grog-shop which bears the sign 'pool for drinks' is a training school for young thieves. The boys get heated with beer, and are fascinated with the game. They mast have money to enjoy the sport, and drink leads them to steal it. This lad egan stealing from his poor mother first. she would not have him punished. Then e stole from his employer and was dia sarged. I caught him picking pockets and sent him to the penitentiary. Whe he got out he robbed a money drawer in grocery. Last night he and his 'pals' proke the shutters off a cigar store and arried off a small amount of the stock. After he gets out of prison again he nay become a more expert burglar, but is mother will die of a broken heart." A sob, within the cell, sounded like ar xpression of assent. The officer noticed and turning away from the door he added in a lower tone: "It is the fauit of the parents sometimes. If his home ife had been made a little better and pleasanter, he might have been a steady boy. His mother was always complainng and fretting in the house, before he began to steal, and since then she has tried to shield him from the police, while she kept nagging him when they were alone. Boys are growing up to be olar, honest men in the worst tenementhouses in the city. You will find, as a rule, that they have been taught by their parents to expect punishment for evildoing and that they have amusement at nome."-N. Y. Tribune.

LIKE A BLOW IN THE BACK.

How it Feels to be Struck by Lightning-An Unpleasant Experience "Above the Clouds."

Henry M. Burt, the White Mountain editor, gives his experience with lightning. Mr. Burt certainly had a narrow

escape. He writes: "A little after six o'clock Saturday night I was in my office (in the old Summit House on Mount Washington), and had just given directions to Darby about making up a form, when all at once I felt a tremendous blow in the back. could not imagine at first what caused it, but instantly I saw a ball of fire as large as a man's head directly in front of me, not three feet off. It exploded with a tremendous noise, reemingly as loud as a cannon, and then I knew what must have happened. My left leg seemed to be completely paralyzed, and I fell to the floor. Three of my printers were in the room at the time, two sitting at the table near me and one standing up little further off. The latter had the skin on one hand torn up, another was hit in the back, and the third escaped without injury. At first I felt as though ball had gone through my body, and that all below had been shot away. I was startled and confounded, but did not lose consciousness. The young man who could get out of the office ran to the hotel, the Summit House, and told what had happened. Help came immediately, and I was removed to my room in the hotel and undressed. Dr. Strong, medical student of Harvard, took my case in charge, and treated no with great skill. In the course of two or three hours I could begin to nove my leg a very little. This (Monday) morning I find myself quite comfortable though I cannot walk without a cane, and my leg pains me considerably. I can assure you that it was a narrow escape from instant death, and for one I do not care to go through another experience like it. As the storms are all, or most of them below the summit, we have very little fear of being struck by lightning. In fact, for 30 years no one has been hurt or had such a narrow escape from death. It is an old saying that lightning never strikes twice in the same place, and I'm sure I do not care to have it. We were all the more surprised from the fact that until the bolt came in we had no idea of the presence of an electric storm. It had begun to rain a little, but there had been no flashes of lightning. It was as startling us it would have been to get a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. You have probably heard of the impression of a tree being found upon the bodies of those killed by lightning. The same tning was noticed upon my back, and as there are no trees upon Mount Washing-

Selecting. - Sir W. Harcourt, the English Home Secretary, enjoys the repntation of being personally the most propos of this, that twelve gentlemen and agreed to dine together, and, as they were in want of a much larger number, t was mutually arranged that each should select, unknown to the other, the most disagreeable acquaintance he had. When the selections came to be examined it was found that all twelve corresponded, and the individual on whom the suffrage fell was the Home Sacretary.

ton, it seems to me that the peculiar ap-

pearance must be the result of the blood

settling in the smaller veins."

STRIKING IT RICH.

REWARD RECEIVED BY A YOUNGSTER FOR BEFRIENDING AN OLD MAN.

How an Editor Became Part Owner in a Valuable Silver Muc-Sticking to a Friend.

The editor of the Las Vegas Gazette n New Mexico, went West from Phila delphia when a boy. He "got stuck on mines," as the saying is, and falling in with an old proprietor they became firm friends. The youngster worked very hard, and divided his earnings with the old miner without question. He "grub staked" him for all his prospecting tours. and every now and then, when he would come into civilization, furnished him the extra money he required for a spree and new clothes. For two long years, in s ason and out of season, this young boy stood by and helped the miner out of his

scanty earnings.

"I met this old prospector," said he,
"who is a thoroughly educated man and
a member of the Royal College of Minng Engineers. I had faith in his honesty and ability, and for more than two years our mining interests have been inseparable. I have divided all I could earn with the old man ever since we met, and, although it has been a long time coming, have never lost faith in his striking it fat some day. I suppose I have given him \$1,500 to \$2,000 in all, and would have continued to help him as long as he wanted it. It was mighty hard grubbing for both of us sometimes, but we stuck to one another as though everything had been sunshine. A few weeks ago he struck it very rich, and, like the honorable, honest man that he is, he at once transferred me one-half interest in all his claims, seven in num-

"Was he bound to be so liberal?" "Not at all, Everything depended upon his sense of right. Legally, he was not bound to give me anything; but he has more than justified my opinion of him as a man of honor and

"How rich are your claims?" "The most valuable yet found about Silver City, the richest mining region of New Mexico. Last week I gathered up 165 pounds of the debris from the diggings, took it to Denver, and had it smelted. They gave me a check fo: \$1,600 for the proceeds. This would make the ore yield \$6,400 per ton. I think this is only a fair estimate of the

value of the mines."
"Will you hold and work them?" "I have not yet determined what I will do. I have just refused \$750,000 for my interest in the property. But it is worth, and I can get, a much larger sum for it. I may sell, for I am in love with my profession, and if I made a half dozen millions I would still want to be connected with a newspaper."

LASHED TO THE SHROUDS. Admiral Farragut's Position as He De-scribed it to William Page.

William Page, the artist who painted the famous portrait of Admiral Farragut in the rigging of the flag-ship, which was subsequently purchased by a committee of citizens for \$10,000 and presented to the Grand Duke Alexis, said to a reporter recently at his home near Richmond Valley, Staten Island:

"I was much interested in reading the liseussion which arose some months ago concerning the statement of a naval officer that Admiral Farragut was not lashed or tied to the rigging while directing the movements of the fleet during the engagement from his high position on the mast of the vessel. I can give the statements of the Admiral himself, and think they will settle the question. I have often wanted to explain what Admiral Farragut said to me about this matter. When he was sitting for that painting I was living at Eagleswood, , and he came regularly from New fork for the sittings. When they began, I asked him to describe his actual posi-

tion during the conflict. "He then explained how he had first ascended the rigging on one side of the vessel to give orders to the men below. He found, however, that the smoke interfered with his view, and the officers on deck could not see his movements or motions correctly. While he was in the rigging he noticed a piece of shell strike a few feet above his head and cut away a portion of the maintop, beneath which he was standing, with his fect resting on the rope ladder. Glancing below, he noticed that if he should be wounded or killed, as he merely held on by his hands, he might roll down the shrouds overboard, and his body might not be recovered owing to the smoke and quick movements of the manœuvring fleet. As his son was on board, he de sired to prevent such a result, so that on finding the smoke so thick as to intercept his view where he was he descended to the deck and crossed to the opposite side, but on his journey across the deck he found a piece of rope, which was precisely what he wanted, and took it aloft with him, tying the knot him-self which fastened him to the rigging.

"I procured for him a piece of rope, to use in the posing for the painting, and the knot shown there was the one made by himself. Probably any sailor will recognize it as a nautical knot, or one likely a be made by a scafaring man. When I went to untie it, its formation puzzled me, and the Admiral himself had to undo it.

"When he was relating these details to me he did so without any mannerisms other than candor and quiet modesty, giving the impression that he possessed a brave and subdued temperment. The Admiral was rather short in stature, but was a very rare exception o artists' subjects in that his figure was of the exact classic or Greek proportion called eight heads, meaning that his head was precisely one-eighth the length of the entire body."

There are two of those life-size portraits in existence. One is in the court of St. Petersburg, and the other is in the possession of Mrs. J. W. Watson of New York city, a daughter of Mr. Page, and whose husband is Treasurer of the Central Railroad of New Jersey.

OP.UM SMOKING .- The experience in San Francisco is that the opium smoking habit is confined almost exclusively to the Chinese and those exceptional persons of the white race who have fallen so low that a lower depth is impossible, and the stories that women of good breeding and innocent young girls are enticed into opium joints are denounced as fictions. For the greater security of the Chinese under American laws the Chinese Six Companies in San Francisco have placarded the Chinese quarter with a warning to the residents not to admit white men, women, or children into their houses for the purpose of smoking opium,

SPANISH PROVERS : The man who stumbles twice on the same stone is a

HAD BEEN THERE It was on the elevated road the other morning. A man was seen to suddenly rise upward, look around on the seat, feel in all his pockets, and grow excited over the loss of something or other. "Lost your wallet?" queried the man

next to him: "Had your watch taken?"

"Lost a roll of bills, perhaps?" "It is my check book. I believe left it at home. Dear, how careless

"It might be worse," said the other

in a consoling tone. "I don't see how it could," growled the other. "My wife will sit down and figare up the stubs, and when I go home to dinner it'll take a full hour to make her believe that 'incidental' has anything to do with household expenses." - Wall Street News.

Advance Step in Dentistry. HAVANA, Cubs.—The most popular dentist of this city, Dr. D. Franci-co Garcia, member of the Royal University, states that in all cases of troublesome neuralgia, arising from the teeth, his patons are recommended to use St. Jacobs Oil, and the most satisfactory cures have ollowed. It is a specific for toothache earache, bodily pains, and proof against household accidents.

Eating frosh radishes and yellow turnips for

American Triumph at Amsterdam.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Company have just received the following cable dispatch from Mr. C. C. Bender, their agent in Holland, now representing them at the World's Exposition at Amsterdam : "Received Diploma of Honor, the very highest award," The Mason & Hamlin cabinet organs were placed in competition at this great exhibition with a large number from the leading makers of Europe and America, and this award is but a continuation of their unbroken series of triumphs at all the great world's exhibitions for the last 16 Mason & Hamlin have now won the highest awards at Paris, 1867 Vienna, 1873; Santiago, 1875; Philadelphia, 1876; Paris, 1878; Milan, 1881, and Amsterdam, 1883,-Boston

Never propose to a girl in writing. It is "present company" that is "always accepted.

Carbo-lines.
He wins at last who builds his trust, In loving words and actions just.
Who's head, who's walk, his very mien,
Proclaim the use of Carb Walking with your hands ind y The best cure for diseases of the nerves

A cloth wrung out from cold water put about he deck at night for the sore throat.

MARION, MAS. .-Dr. N. S. Rurgles says. I recommend Brown's Iron Bitters as a ratued tonic for enriching the blood and removing all dyspeptic symptoms. It does not hart the teeta."

Taking a nap in the afternoon if you are HUNTSVILLE, ALA.-Dr. J. T. Ridley says "Brown's Iron Bitters is a good appetized and merits attention from sufferers."

Cranberries fer malaria. A sun bath for rheumatism

Millions have died with Bright's Kidney dis-test and rhomatic diseases. Dr. Elmore is the first to discover a cure. He had ted housands with his Rheumatine-Goutaline a diever lost a cas. It always cures. Taking cod liver oil in tomato catsup, if you want to make it palatable.

Ladies' & children's boots & shoes cannot run over if Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners are used

Clam broth for a weak stomach. ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.

THE VOLTAGE BELT Co., Marshall, Mich. will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on rial for thirty days to men (young and old) who are afflicted with nervous debilty, lost vitality and kindred troubles maranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

Cranberry poultic for erysipelas.

Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills are prepared expressly to cure and will cure Headache of all kinds, Neuralgia, Nerousness and Dyspepsia. LO cents. Hot flannel over the seat of neuralgic pain

"My hands were covered with little dr scabs. They have disappeared, and I'm bel-er than for 20 years, from using Dr. Benson's Skin Cure."—A. M. Noble, Selma, N. C. The croup-tippe when a child is likely to be roubled in that way.

Che increasing demand for this prepara-ion as a household remedy for indigestion and dyspepsia is sufficient proof of its efficacy Buttermilk for therem oval of freckles, tan nd butternut stains.

Read This. The Army and Navy Lindment takes the soreness out of spavin, ringbone, splint or curb, and arrests their growth. Cures colle, sc

for man

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the dise thing el One of the best stops for a hand-organ is a powter dime.



DUIDBY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS. Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS. And all other bodily aches FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in II The Charles A. Vogeler Co. Maltimore, Md., C. S. A. A SURE

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Positive relief and immuni-

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Magnolia Balm. A delicate

and harmless article. Sold

by druggists everywhere.

It imparts the most brilliant and life-like tints, and

the closest scrutiny cannot

detect its use. All unsightly Discolorations, Eruptions, Ring Marks under the eyes,

Sallowness, Redness, Rough-

ness, and the flush of fatigue

and excitement are at once

dispelled by Was Haguolia

It is the one incomparable

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Cosmetic.

In fever and ague districts, in tropical and other regions visited b epidemics, and in-deed in all localities where the cor to feeble constitutions and fragile frames, while as a cure for indigestion, billousness, and kindred complaints, it is without a rival.

For sale by all druggists and dealers generally

The Gullett Improved, Light Draft MAGNOLIA COTTON Feeder and Condenser.



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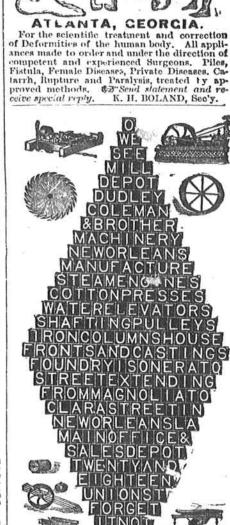
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